TRANSCRIPT

All copyright and right of copyright in this transcript and in the broadcast are owned by CBS. This transcript may not be copied or reproduced or used in any way (other than for purposes of reference, discussion and review) without the written permission of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.

CBS NEWS SPECIAL

"Football: 100 Years Old and Still Kicking"

as broadcast over the

CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

Tuesday, October 21, 1969

10:00 - 11:00 P.M.,EDT

PRODUCED BY CBS NEWS

REPORTER: Charles Kuralt

PRODUCED AND WRITTEN BY: Irv Drasnin

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: Perry Wolff

KURALT: You can learn a lot about a civilization by studying the games it plays. Very well then, America at play on a Saturday afternoon. (Music) That's the way the game may look to wives and Frenchmen. What we hope to do in the next hour is slow it down, to take a closer look at football in the autumn of its hundredth year.

(ANNOUNCEMENT)

ANNOUNCER: Here again is "Football: 100 Years Old and Still Kicking."

KURALT: People say, "It's only a game." Well, our point is that it's not. Football is some kind of extension of our lives, of rituals so old that nobody can remember their beginnings. Like the prayer meeting.

CHEERLEADER: Are we gonna win that game tomorrow? (Cheers)

KURALT: And the sideshow.

CHEERLEADER: We're gonna win it. Tomorrow, we're gonna win that game, but right now we're gonna burn red. So one loud "Burn Red!" Ready, hit it, "Burn Red." Hit it again. O.K. and let's win it.

KURALT: Now, there may be those among you who think such ardor immature and excessive. No doubt. But it is not confined to the young. No, it turns out there's a country behind this game. And it's funny how the passions and peculiarities of football over the last century have mirrored the passions and peculiarities of America. That's what we want to show you starting - Well, starting here.

This is Rutgers, the campus where the first college game was played a hundred years ago this fall. It was a different Rutgers in those days, of course. It was a different country. And the first football contest, you might say, was a different ball game. It was an afternoon's diversion for 50 sons of the wealthy - 25 from Rutgers, 25 from Princeton. No passing or running allowed, only kicking. No uniforms, no fanfare, no zig-outs or Z-ins, a lot of honor and gentlemanliness.

There were no 260-pound linebackers either, though representations of that first game make the players larger than life, the kind of heroic portrait you might find in a Moscow subway. Rutgers won, 6 to 4. Princeton suffered the defeat with dignity. It is not recorded that alumni groups began searching for a new coach. The country in those days was young, expanding, becoming aware of its own muscles. And football was just like that - a struggle for unconquered lands, manifest destiny on the playing field.

Naturally, it became popular. And just as naturally, its rules were written by Walter Camp, a businessman, and Amos Alonzo Stagg, a divinity student. Football, like the country, was in the hands of industry, and of God. And of ardent alumni who, even then, were promising and delivering sturdy athletes to the colleges of their choice. One college team of the 1890's had seven players who weren't even students.

The flying wedge was invented for Harvard by a student of military tactics, and illustrated in a 1920's re-creation of an early game. There followed the turtleback, or revolving tandem play, or - well, you get the idea. The hidden ball play. Or maybe that was the turtleback. But finesse wasn't as important as brute strength. By the turn of the century, the gentlemanly dreams of glory kept getting interrupted by the sight of blood.

If you were a football player in 1903, in a game immortalized by cameraman Thomas Edison, what you did was hit the line, get up, hit the line again, get up if you could, and so on, until you scored or your downs ran out. Then it was the other team's turn.

This was considered noble. Knights of the gridiron was the phrase. To help their resolve, they began to pad their armor.

Substitution was rare, and vaguely disgraceful. Players fought on until they fell, as in warfare. And as in warfare, there were casualties. Eighteen killed in 1905, 149 maimed, some for life. Well, we were a rough, two-fisted country, but enough was enough. The nation's leading advocate of the vigorous, outdoor life was the one who called a halt. President Teddy Roosevelt rumbled: "Brutality and foul play should receive the same summary punishment given to a man who cheats at cards."

The Age of Reform. What was good for Standard Oil was good for football. A rules committee established a neutral zone - a line of scrimmage - and legalized the forward pass, on a field now 100 yards long. Traditions developed early. The Army-Navy game was already 20 years old by 1912. But the big story of 1912 was the revival of an even older rivalry. One between the Army and the Indians.

The Carlisle Indians, with their great players, Lone Wolf and Red Water, and Jim Thorpe, the most remarkable member of a remarkable team. One of the young cadets in uniform that day was a halfback named Dwight Eisenhower. The score was Carlisle 27, Army 6. It was the last time the Indians beat the Cavalry.

There was still no rivalry like the Eastern one of Yale and Harvard. No two schools had so many old grads. But the game had followed the movement West, and California by 1920 had a wonder team which beat all rivals, but expecially Stanford. They wore numbers on their backs, so that one hero could be distinguished from another.

With mystic intensity, the country distinguished among heroes, implored the gods to their aid, built temples to their devotion, and worshipped there every Saturday afternoon. In the '20's we fancied ourselves a great new civilization. This was the century of the common man, and the mass headed for the spectacle. Let the privileged have their clubrooms and tennis courts. This game was everybody's.

It is well documented that the 1920's in this country were not the calmest, most contemplative of times, and if our thesis is true, if the mood of the land can be accurately gauged in the game of football, then football in the 20's should be tinged with insanity. You may judge for yourself.

Freedom was what we were all concerned about in those days. But even after you made the team at Sing-Sing, the problem was graduating. The Wellesley girls, class of '24, took freedom more seriously than most. It was equality women wanted. And equality they got. Ladies, hired to work on the assembly line, making footballs.

The penny arcade was the University of the poor. Put a coin in the slot, and the great Yost of Michigan would teach you how to play the game. Coaching football became a profession. There was also Zuppke of Illinois, who taught his players the trapeze play and the flea-flicker, thus winning football games and increasing our vocabulary. One of his students, a kid named Hemingway, turned out to be better at vocabulary than at football. There was Pop Warner, an inventor, if not an alchemist. He developed the helmet - and the single wing, and the double wing. But there was no coach like Rockne of Notre Dame. If football is like America, there had to be a Rockne. In an era of booming business and businessmen, he was the super salesman. He knew how to demonstrate the product. And what he was selling was a Holy Grail full of ideals.

ROCKNE: I don't care two cents whether you're black or white, Jew, Catholic, or Protestant. The best fellows are going to make this club. I want you to go out there and give it everything you have. Let's try that shift again. Old ninety-two. Are we all set? Let's go.

FOOTBALL PLAYER: Signals! 36-49-22. Hit 'em!

KURALT. Knute Rockne was practitioner of one of the fads of the '20's - psychology.

ROCKNE: Hey, hey! Come on, get up. I guess that fellow didn't know who you were, huh, All-Indiana halfback. The next time he comes by he won't dare run by you. Let's just show him your clippings. Let's try it again and see if you can't do something. All right, come on. Let's go here. I want to see you show some life now. Put that stuff on real. Let's go here.

FOOTBALL PLAYER: Signals! 89-42-41. Hit 'em! One-two-three-hut!

ROCKNE: All right. Come on, baby. Get 'em. Come on. Aww, that's the way. That's the way to get 'em. Now, that's something like.

KURALT: Like a successful evangelist, Rockne took his teams barnstorming around the country. And wherever they stopped, bands played and a captivated public followed. By word and by the awesome deed, he told us how to win and made a Homeric ode out of the locker room pep talk.

ROCKNE: Now it's a test of any team, men, based on team-play as it's been shown over the years. Sacrifice, unselfish sacrifice. These other fellows, they say are pretty good. But I think we're better.

If we kick off, what the rest of these teams want. Let's run down fast, just as fast as you can run. And then we go on defense. And on defense, I want the Center in and out of that line according to the situation. Use your old head. And I want you guards charging through as far as you can go, on every play. They expect to play right over you, every time. And the tackles, I want you to go in a yard and a half, and then check yourself. Spread your feet, squat down, low, and be ready with your hands, and elbows, so you won't be sideswiped. I want the ends in there fast every play, every play. Learn to control them. And you men in the backfield there, I want you to analyze before you move. And if they throw a forward pass, they throw a pass, wait'll you see the ball in the air, and then GO AND GET IT!

And when we get it, boys, that's when we go on offense. That's when we go to 'em. And don't forget we're going to pick on their one light, one tackle they've got is weak. We're going inside 'em. We're going outside 'em. Inside 'em and outside 'em, and when we get 'em on the run once we're going to keep 'em on the run. And we're not going to pass unless their secondary comes up too close. But don't forget, men, we're going to get 'em on the run, and we're going to go, GO, GO, GO, and we aren't going to stop until we go over that goal line. And don't forget, men, today's the day we're going to win. They can't lick us, and this - FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT! What do you say, men?

KURALT: It seems a little overblown only in retrospect. In 1924, Grantland Rice wrote: "Outlined against a blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they are known as Famine, Pestilence, Destruction and Death. These are only aliases. Their real names are Layden, Stuldreher, Miller and Crowley."

The Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, a backfield that ran behind a line called the Seven Mules, captured a whole country. It was an age of heroes, and the football hero was among the most honored. He was Frank Merriwell of Yale, whose fictional touchdown runs were not to be believed. But in Albie Booth of Yale, we found a Merriwell come to life - and we believed.

Army's Chris Cagle did everything and ran flatfooted. Except when he ran on tiptoes. But these were only men. In Illinois, we discovered an idol. Harold "Red" Grange. The Wheaton Ice Man. The Galloping Ghost. Like Lindbergh, and Valentino and Ruth, Red Grange was proof of our greatness. The long, twisting, open field runs, the sudden change in fortune, the quick score. That was our style. Grange changed the game. And he was the end of something.

New Year's Day, 1929. The Rose Bowl. Georgia Tech had the ball, California's Roy Riegels picked it up. He was not the first, nor the last, to run the wrong way with a football. But like everything else that year, his fall was epic.

RIEGELS: I became confused and turned and ran the other way. On the way down, why, I could hear my teammate, Benny Lom, hollering at me to stop, I was going the wrong way. And I thought he was completely off his rocker. If I could've dug a hole in that turf, I'd have crawled in and covered myself up, and not appeared again.

KURALT: Maybe it was an omen. In October of 1929, Roy Riegels would seem a lot closer to us than Red Grange. Head-holding was the last fad of the glorious twenties.

(ANNOUNCEMENT)

CHEERS: B - B - BOL, L - L - LEY, BOL - LEY

KURALT: To watch Linda Darnell leading the cheers, you'd never know how little there was to cheer about in the '30s. College football was as successful a business as the country had in those days. But the Carnegie Foundation was already issuing reports on its excesses. Hollywood in satire came awfully close to the truth, in its portrayal of the curious alliance between football and higher education, and of the football player who sailed through college, all expenses paid, in the worst of the Depression.

John Barrymore, the Governor hungry for a state college winner.

BARRYMORE: Tear it down. I want a stadium that'll hold a 100,000. Now listen, put that down, and put down 200,000 for a football team. The best money'll buy.

GEORGE MURPHY: You can't buy football players, it's against the rules.

BARRYMORE: Change them.

KURALT: The prospect, Stu Irwin, and his sister, Judy Garland, in her first movie.

NANCY KELLEY: Who is that?

JUDY GARLAND: That's my brother, Amos. I'm Sarie Dodd, and I can sing. You wanta hear me?

NANCY KELLEY: Not right now. That's just about the size of a football. Call your brother. I want to talk to him.

JUDY GARLAND: Amos, come a-runnin'. He can run powerful fast, too. He oughta. He's got the biggest feet in Craw County.

NANCY KELLEY: The bigger the feet, the better the kick.

GEORGE MURPHY: Hey, are you thinking of -

NANCY KELLEY: Brother, I'm not thinking, I'm praying.

JUDY GARLAND: Don't be scared, Amos. They're friendly.

AMOS: Howdy, folks.

GEORGE MURPHY: Glad to meet you, Amos. Boy! How'd you like to go to college?

COLLEGE PROFESSOR: Just name any means of tranportation, Mr. Bolenkowitz.

KURALT: For Jack Oakie, the crucial exam the week of the big game.

COLLEGE PROFESSOR: Or method of going from one place to another. You may choose among steam, horse-drawn, or electrically-propelled vehicles, Mr. Bolenkowitz. Any means of transportation, Mr. Bolenkowitz, any means at all.

CLASS-MATES: Choo-choo-choo.

PROFESSOR: Order, please, order. Perhaps you don't understand the question, Mr. Bolenkowitz. How did you come to college this year?

JACK OAKIE: What?

PROFESSOR: I said, "How did you come to college this year?"

JACK OAKIE: How did I come to this college? The Alumni Association from Lucerne County sent me.

GIRL: Bolley, what do you do to keep in shape?

JACK OAKIE: What do I do to keep in shape? Train.

PROFESSOR: Correct, Mr. Bolenkowitz. You have passed a 100 per cent.

CHEERS: Yea Bolley!

KURALT: Notre Dame and Southern Cal in 1931. It was no longer so simple a game. A lesson had been learned: if you can't overpower fate, try to outsmart it.

No inbound markers yet; the game was played from sideline to sideline. And the game's new complexity had already made the huddle necessary, a chance to plot strategy before every play. And when, in the final seconds, Johnny Baker's field goal brought unexpected victory to Southern Cal, it was clear that new strategies could work.

One other thing about the '30's. In those days everybody learned to shift for himself. It was a time for innovation and bold attempts to change the way the game was played. There was a way.

Before 1934, the ball was roundish, chubby. So players threw it backwards and sideways and hoped for the best. That's the way things were in 1933. But along with the New Deal came a new ball, one that could be grasped, and therefore slung by the likes of Slinging Sammy Baugh. Suddenly, everybody was running out for a pass.

In the 1935 Rose Bowl, it was Alabama's Don Hutson.

GRAHAM McNAMEE: The ball goes back to Riley of Alabama. He's going to pass. It's a long one. And it's complete for a touchdown!

KURALT: With Graham McNamee's rising voice reflecting the new thrill - watching a ball sail 40 or 50 yards through the air. A Notre Dame substitute named William Shakespeare upset Ohio State with a pass in a game called "the greatest ever played." We talk about football that way.

A Southern California substitute named Doyle Nave beat Duke - which had been undefeated and unscored upon - with a pass. By 1938, the principle had been established which still holds today: on 3rd and 8 and 30 seconds to play and defeat staring you in the face, fade back and throw long.

Oh, those shifts and passes of the'30's. There followed the inevitable - the reverse. And the double reverse. The shovel pass. And the double lateral. But the favorite, the play imitated by every school kid on every vacant lot - that was the Statue of Liberty. When you shifted into the single-wing and pulled the old Statue of Liberty play, you were a triple-threat, you were an All-American. But things did not always go according to plan. Another lesson of the'30's, of course, was the meaning of adversity.

This new kind of football stirred up new emotions. For one rooter against Michigan the sight of Tom Harmon breaking free for yet another touchdown was simply too much. Football games were occasionally interrupted by fans who knew that they could do better if they only had the chance. There's a man in his Sunday suit down there - missing a tackle, like any linebacker. And once in the Cotton Bowl, a long touchdown run was going fine, until the runner came to midfield and the opposition bench.

In 1941, just as the country was getting its balance back, things went awry again. On December 7th, the previous day's college scores suddenly didn't matter much. Next thing you knew the recruiting films had football teams demonstrating the value of close-order drill and launching footballs as if they were grenades. And at Notre Dame, and Yale, and California and Georgia, next year's starting team was going into the Army. And the Army,in those years, certainly had the teams. Glenn Davis. And Doc Blanchard. Mr. Outside. And Mr.Inside. For three years the result was always the same. They never lost.

Other great names of the'40's, Army's Coach Blaik and Notre Dame's Leahy. When they met on the football field, it was like Thor meeting Zeus. And Bud Wilkinson, whose hit and run maneuvers at Oklahoma won 47 straight games in the '50's, a record that still stands.

And suddenly, it was upon us, college football's modern era. You know what the modern era is like, the drums and the band and the cast of thousands. This is the age of planning, of organization, and that goes for everybody. If you're a tuba player you know that there's another tuba player on the sidelines, waiting for his chance to play. So you show up for two hours of practice every fall afternoon, and you meet the challenge of the first two tubas, who might be there on band scholarships.

CHEERLEADER: 5-6-7-8! Count louder and work on it more. Smile! Put a little enthusiasm into your arms!

KURALT: And, if you're a cheerleader, you go to summer camp, pay the $50 for the week's training, and become expert at waving pom-poms to an eight-beat.

CHEERLEADER: Two-3-4-5-6-7-8! (CROWD CHEERS)

FOOTBALL PLAYER: Yay, Hut-hut-one-hut!

KURALT: But it is for this moment that the ritual has been prepared ...and is realized. The cost is high. The football program at a major school can cost more than a million dollars a year. Today, the expert, the specialist, is valued, in football as in life. Specialists come in platoons. These are no longer iron men. These are organization men.

We have cast college boys in what is simultaneously a morality play and an alley fight. In our response to it we find a glory - and an embarrassment.

FOOTBALL COACH: Neck? O.K. Trainer! Get me a trainer over here. Get me a trainer! Give us somebody else.

WOODY HAYES: Come on, Jim, come on, Jim, come on, Jim! Aw, you didn't get enough for us. Come on you can do better than that. You let 'em through and you don't let them turn you. Fist down. Now wait a minute, look where you ended up though, look where you ended up - coming our way. Come on, jump up. Come on, Peter, come on, Peter. It's tough game, tough game. You've got to butt 'em right in the mouth.

KURALT: They have been scouted, recruited, and subsidized. Now they are being trained. They are college boys, remember. And they are working their way through college.

COACH: Way to go, Buddy! Now, right in the mouth. All right. He's coming at your mouth there. Go Woody. O.K. Let's still get him. There he is right there. Go. Let's see how far you can stretch him out. Now, John, the same thing for you.

KURALT: Coach Woody Hayes of Ohio State was chosen last year the best executive in his business. He is one of the highest paid members of the faculty and his office has yet to be occupied by student dissidents. When he talks, his students listen,

COACH HAYES: Well, it'll come, it'll come. I'd rather have it that way than the other way. Come on, now let's get it. Come on, John, let's block the hell out of him.

FOOTBALL PLAYER: 0-9 on hike.

COACH HAYES: That's good, that's good. Get up, Digger. Somebody hit him, Jack. Come on. Come on, John. That's the way to hit him. That's enough, that's enough.

Come on, Dave, come on, hit it. All right, that's enough.

There it is - good shot. All right, that's it. That's what we wanted, right there. That's exactly what we wanted, right there. And you threw a big one, right now.

KURALT: Right now is ten minutes to 2:00 o'clock on Saturday afternoon in the era of the super-trained super-specialist, who is 19 years old.

BAYLOR COACH: We're anxious to go out there and command their respect. Let's come out of that huddle like we mean business. Now, quarterbacks, let's don't walk out of that huddle like you're not sure what to do. Come out of that huddle and line up. Flankers, get out there and get set. Let's come out of that huddle like we're going after them.

Let's throw away all the uncertainty and all the doubt because we're going to show people what kind of football team Baylor University has today. And I know the kind of boys you are. I know what you stand for. So let's go out there and play that game as you've never played it before.

Our heavenly Father, we come to Thee before we play this game of football. Father, help us that we may play unselfishly, that we may play for Thy glory, and Thy honor, for our team, for our school for those who put faith and trust in us, be with us on each play. We ask Thy forgiveness where we have failed Thee. We ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

(ANNOUNCEMENT)

KURALT: A day last May in a small steel mill town in Pennsylvania was no ordinary holiday. What was being celebrated was a new national pastime, football, played by professionals.

CHILDREN: Hey Namath! Hey Joe! Come on.

KURALT: The hands reached out for a new national hero, dressed in a a six-button Edwardian suit, who had left this town to become a millionaire playing football. Joe Namath is a professional. And it is the professional, not the amateur, that we have come to worship. Off the field, or on it, his is the new style. It is a style that demands grace and excellence and success. As much an industry as it is a game.

The rewards, expecially when played in a Super Bowl for the "world's championship" of a game played only in America are what we aspire to as a nation - admiration and affluence. It is being the richest and the best, it's being number one. And, as the American myth would have it, it's getting there the hard way.

Pro football was born in poverty and raised inconfusion, played on rocky fields next to cow pastures and the company plant. No contracts in those days, making young graduates the possession of the team that drafted them. No players' association to represent them. No legislators to protect team owners from antitrust laws. Like itinerant vaudevillians the early pros played the small towns, hat in hand, more for love than money, in Canton and Pottsville, improvising both cast and playing dates. The Green Bay Packers of the mid-20's were just that -- meat packers -- athletes on Sundays.

If the Pros stood around in their underwear and embarrassed smiles, it was because many of them still were undergraduates or wayward sons playing under aliases. What was needed was not phony names but a real name. In 1925 the pros got one and took him to New York. But even Red Grange had to explain over and over why he had decided to play football for money. His father told him it was a sinful business. One of the reasons, no doubt, was the $50,000 dollars he earned playing seven games in eleven days for the Chicago Bears, only recently the Decatur Staleys, a corn starch company team. Others, like Bronko Nagurski also brought glamor to the game in the '30's -- glamor but not much gold.

What every business of the '30's needed was customers. To get them, pro football changed some rules. Like being able to throw a pass from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage. And, if you get knocked down once, being able to get up and run again. And to make it easier to score, moving the goal posts up to the goal line.

A tall Texan, Sammy Baugh, made it all work with the pass. That's all he could do. It was a sign of things to come. As was the 1940 championship game between the Bears and the Washington Redskins. With a man in motion and the T-formation, Bear coaches George Halas and Clark Shaughnessy and a passing quarterback named Sid Luckman modernized the game. The 73-to-nothing score of that game brought pro football instant recognition. Postwar technology and television did the rest.

A coin toss in 1958 was the start not of another title game, but of a drama. Three out of every four television sets that were turned on that day were turned on to Baltimore vs. New York. They played to a tie. Now a sudden-death overtime would decide the championship. It was decided by the skill of a quarterback named John Unitas, who two years before played on sand-lots for six dollars a game.

The quarterback became the most important man on the team, and television became the most important influence on the game. From the moment Baltimore scored the winning touchdown, the audience responded. Millions of fans and millions of dollars were waiting for the next snap of the ball.

The figures are staggering. The economics of television and football became inseparable, even if it meant an extra time out for commercials,

worth $80,000 a minute. It is worth a million dollars a year to every pro team to be on television. And television has made the game, for its viewers, a personal experience.

What we are watching, what is engaging our loyalties and our emotions, is not the love of alma mater, but of the virtuoso. It is planned and organized but also, when necessary, improvised. To make it work takes a lot of poise. And a little luck.

There has come a new precision to a business where careers almost surely end by age 35. It is, a hundred years after the first formal game, something we understand. We have reched the limits of size and strength and speed and deception. What remains is perfection in execution. To win, you must do the same things the next man does, only better.

It's an American idea. You must build a better machine. Each man pursuing his self-interest helps the team. American, too, is the calculated aggression, the willingness to take chances, the sense of bigness and power. And of reaching the goal, no matter the obstacles. Goals, however, are sometimes a long way off. For a long time, few black athletes were seen in the pros. It took a lot of side-stepping of old ways before they shared fully in the glory. They still rarely call the plays.

Football still has a caste system of another kind, based on another American idea: the big organization with its division of labor and intricate rules. In any such corporation, some must do the heavy work. The linemen, who toil for less money and less glory.

There is here an undisguised aggression, and maybe this too makes football right for its time. The struggle is for territory. It is power and property that we covet. This is the central reality of football and one that maybe tells us something about ourselves. It is aggression that pays off. At times it seems to be aimless violence. It could be that football is an acting out of some national habits as well as aspirations. Which might help explain why, in order to win, some rules are broken. Getting caught is worse than the act itself. We pay officials to try to keep us honest, and under control. And sometimes we do get caught.

REFEREE: That's 15 going against the white team.

PLAYERS: For what?

REFEREE: Grabbing the face mask. All right, let's go. Let me see where the line is here.

KURALT: Penalties, of course, can mean defeat instead of victory. They have a difficult job -- the men who try to control the machine.

REFEREE: All right, all right.

PLAYERS: You're looking right at him. He hit 'em from the side. The side!

REFEREE: First down, quiet now, come on, quiet down. Don't throw that forearm, don't throw that forearm. No, he is not. Now quit throwing that forearm. Time!

Give 'em 15 yards for unsportsmanlike conduct. Against who, against who? The coaches. The coaches.

KURALT: The coaches. The machine is of their making, yet they too must try to control it. They may appear to be human. But that is merely a facade for the disciplinarian, the strategist, the zealot.

KUHARICH: Come on, come on, turn aside, turn aside, turn the corner, turn the corner. That's the way to run easy, boy, that's the way to run. That's the way to run.

KURALT: The coach is part dictator, part father-figure.

VAN BROCKLIN: We want you to play defense as you're instructed to play it, you understand?

PLAYER: Yes, sir.

VAN BROCKLIN: I don't want you up there runnin' around faking blitzes and getting out of position. You understand?

PLAYER: Yes, sir.

VAN BROCKLIN: You line up where you're supposed to line up. None of that "Harry High school fake this." Do what we're told.

PLAYER: Yes, sir.

KURALT: He must be both judge and advocate.

KUHARICH: Two feet, he's got it, he's got it.

REFEREE: I can't see it.

KUHARICH: Aw, tne thing is way over here. He's got it by two feet.

REFEREE: All right, we've got a time out here, time out. Oh, look at that now. See how your eyes work.

KUHARICH: A foot, a foot.

REFEREE: You said two feet.

KUHARICH: Well, what's the difference?

REFEREE: You said two feet.

VAN BROCKLIN: Flex, flex red right -- 75 X-corner.

KURALT: And like some giant computer, the machine needs a language of its own in order to work. Its technicians have such a language.

VAN BROCKLIN: 75 X-corner. Instead of turning, take a step in and go to the corner. Now you look over to the halfback, see his pauses. If they blitz, he's got it man to man, see.

SAUL LINEBACKER : 4-3- Inside Frank, inside Frank. Watch 'em trying to sweep, men. Hey, Andy, watch the sweeps. Watch the sweep, Lloyd. Hang on, Bob. Watch him draw, watch him draw. You have a red left, red left. Ball! Awww, Bobby.

Not one of those guys, Mitchell, Taylor or Smith likes to get hit. Let's stick 'em every chance you get. O.K. here we go. Move to it under weak-gut.

KURALT: It is a game that seems to seek out supermen, a game described as a mixture of Sanskrit, algebra and infantry tactics.

SAUL: Shift!

KURALT: It is tempting to think of them as brutes or mercenaries or merely workers doing their job. Yet, money aside, the professionals reciscover that the essence of the game is in winning. They want to be the best. They care.

They, like us, are part of a machine. But they, like us, are human too. And what we're watching, what we've been talking about is not just them -- but us.

ANNOUNCER: "Football: 100 Years Old and Still Kicking" will continue.

(ANNOUNCEMENTS)

ANNOUNCER: Here again is "Football: 100 Years Old and Still Kicking."

KURALT: Having taken football apart, it seems only right now to put it back together again, to let the game speak for itself. It's a Saturday afternoon late last November. <u>The</u> game around Thanksgiving time could be anywhere in America, but this is THE game, Harvard and Yale.

A Yale coach once told his team, "Gentlemen, you are about to play football against Harvard. Never in your lives will you do anything else so important." Both teams were undefeated, but Yale led 29 to 13 with less than a minute to play. Don Gillis was the broadcaster describing Harvard's desperation.

GILLIS: Yale putting the pressure on and Champi could not find....

KURALT: What happened in that last minute helps explain why football is a hundred years old and still kicking.

GILLIS: Champi, back to throw, looks for the corner, and it is to Bruce Freeman. Touchdown!

KURALT: It seemed at the time to be just another last-minute touchdown. Good for the pride, but hardly providential.

GILLIS: Less than a minute, 42 seconds remaining. Let's see what Champi does. He's got Pete Barney split wide to the left. He looks for Barney, and Barney -- that you saw. Barney had, Barney was just going for the ball, and he was grabbed by J.P. Goldsmith as he was reaching for the ball -- is the call by the officials. J.P. does not agree. The interference in the end zone, so they move it down to the one-yard line. Let's see what he does now. He's got both ends in tight. Is he going to run? He gives it to Crim. Crim has two. And it's now Yale 29, Harvard 21.

KURALT: Still the game seemed out of reach. Harvard's only chance was to gamble on a rarely successful on-side kick-off.

GILLIS: On-side kick --who's going to get it? Scramble -- loose ball -- Harvard -- Harvard has it. Harvard has it on the 49-yard line. Wow! Barney wide to the left, Reynolds wide to the right. Champi, to throw, being rushed, scrambling, being chased, running, down to the 40, and is lassoed down at the 36-yard line. And it appears that there may possibly have been -- well, I'm going to hold it. I'm not sure; yes, there is a flag down. It is a personal foul. It is a face mask which will make it a 15-yard penalty.

Champi, back. Gus Crim up the middle. Crim to the ten, Crim to the six-yard line. And time out is called by Harvard with fourteen seconds on the clock.

It'll be first and goal, Harvard. Ron Kell making the stop on the six-yard line of Yale. Now the officials sending people back away from the back lines, the restraining lines of the end-zone, as you can see. Champi looks over his shoulder at the clock and sees 14 seconds remaining. First and goal on the Yale six. Champi, rolling right, looking, now sprinting, looking again, and he is going to be tackled on the eight-yard line. The clock is running -- 4 seconds -- three, and they stop the clock with three seconds. There will be time for one more play.

KURALT: It still seemed impossible to everybody in the stadium except the Harvard team.

GILLIS: It is now second down, goal on the eight, but the important thing is there is time for one play. Three seconds remaining. This will be the final play of the game, and Harvard has the ball on the eight-yard line. Can they score? Frank Champi coming up.

The hush. He looks, he's got time, he wants to throw, he's still back. Time has run out. He throws. Touchdown! Vic Gatto! Vic Gatto! And the score is 29-27. The crowd all over the field. The

clock had run out, and Champi scrambled and scrambled and scrambled, and he threw the completed pass to Vic Gatto. They'll go, of course, for two. Will this end as a 29-29 tie or will it end as a 29-27 Yale victory?

KURALT: In football, Americans find what they expect from their country -- the sense of infinite possibilities.

GILLIS: Champi -- he got it! He got it to Barney! And it ends 29-29! What a finish! An absolutely incredible ending.

ANNOUNCER: This has been a CBS NEWS SPECIAL: "Football: 100 Years Old and Still Kicking."